



305 THE
Rape of the Bride ;
O R,
Marriage and Hanging
GO BY
DESTINY.
CONTAINING

A Poetical Flight upon R A P E S, the Story of *Rogeria*, with the Humours of a Fortune-Teller, giving Proofs how Old Women become Young Ones ; describing the Passions, and Uneasiness of Lovers, the Marriage Ceremony, and subsequent Diversions : Also setting forth the whole Plot, and by whom concerted and contriv'd : Together with a certain Declaration at Length, the Manner of the Trial, and the learned Arguments us'd *pro* and *con*, by the Council, explaining how far Evidence ought to be credited, and upon what Account Men wou'd be hang'd as soon as marry'd.

A POEM HUDIBRASTICK, in 4 CANTO'S.

With an
Epistle Dedicatory to the FAIR SEX.

Nuda veritas, nec erubescit.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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A N

Epistle Dedicatory

TO THE

FAIR SEX.



I Shall endeavour to be always provided with something to oblige the Ladies ; and with a Present (in the highest Respect to them) wrapp'd in clean Linnen, which, (I know) of all Things in the World, they love next to themselves.

These Sheets are, to that End, prepar'd for their Use : There's a Pair of 'em, and a Remnant (into the Bargain) all Brand Spick and Span New.

They have only been, for a while, in the Press, to make 'em pleasanter to the Eye; before which, they were laid up in Lavender, during the Season that the Town was thin, and the Company mostly occupyd in the Country, (both on Account of the Members lately standing, in all the Parts of the Kingdom; as also, by Reason of the pleasurable Time between the Terms.)

They were made of the finest Holland, are spun out to a good Length; and, as the Author affords full Measure, and a Penny-worth, and will warrant his Goods to be serviceable, if the Ladies can but make a Shift with 'em, it will amount to the utmost Satisfaction, upon finding any Thing that he has produc'd, is agreeable to 'em; and will encourage him with a strong and firm Resolution, to be in a Readiness, and forward to do them Pleasure for the future; he being, in a great Measure, furnish'd with proper Materials already, for so doing.

*If they find any Unevenness in the Lines, it is by Reason of their coming out of a Hudibrastick Loom. The Thread of the Poem is interwoven in a Burlesque Manner; but carries a Softness at the same Time; which Way
of*

TO the FAIR SEX.

V

of Workmanship will (for the Ladies Comfort) never be out of Fashion.

If they take any Diversion in the Author's Sheets, they'll, at the same Time, give him a great deal of Pleasure. If there are any double Entendres, in this Composition, their Candour will interpret in the most favourable Construction.

As to the Address of the Subject ; are not Women as competent Judges herein, as the Men ? And have they not often, even greater Capacities ? As it waits upon them, therefore, Caution is us'd, that nothing may be offensive (to their innate Modesties) in Expressions ; unless strain'd beyond the Author's innocent Meaning ; whom they'll excuse for his Length, since, meddling with what relates to the fair Sex, is a tender, and a ticklish Subject to be handled, and of a nice Nature ; which puts him (in his Undertaking) upon diving, as far as may be, into the Bottom of the Affair, to give full Satisfaction, and more at large (by advancing as far as the Thing will bear) in his Performance.

Take the Facts, here represented, either to be fictitious, or otherwise, such a Case may have

vi An Epistle Dedicatory.

have happen'd in Life : But, as there is no other Intention hereby, but only to form a Narrative, for Amusement and Diversion of the Readers, especially the Ladies, the Lock is before 'em, and all have Liberty to try, and fit their Key.



THE



T H E

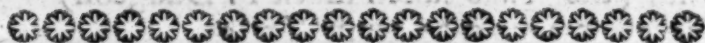
Rape of the Bride ;

O R,

Marriage and Hanging

G O B Y

D E S T I N Y.

The A R G U M E N T of the
First CANTO.

OW Rapes have happen'd, on the
 Earth,
 Since Mother Nature's early Birth.
 The Muse invok'd, the Story's told,
 The Belle-Dame's youthful Thoughts, tho' old :
 How she went to a Conjurer,
 And what occur'd 'twixt him and her.

CANTO



CANTO I.

I Sing the Rape of an Old Woman,
The Story's true, the Thing uncom-
mon.

Prometheus, as the Poets feign,
Rap'd Fire from Heav'n, and made a Man.

None of the *Sabine* Girls escap'd
The *Roman* Youth, but all were rap'd.

'Twas so among the merry *Greeks*,

King *Agamemnon*, in his Freeks,

Put fair *Briseis* to the Squeaks.

Tarquin, no whit behind with *Greece*,

Seiz'd, for his Prey, the chaste *Lucrece* :

And (tho' 'twas taken much in Dudgeon)

Hellen was rap'd by trusty *Trojan*.

King *Tereus* (as the Poets tell)

Rap'd the melodious *Philomel*.

And *Jove* himself (resolv'd to have a Share

With Mortals) was the greatest Ravisher :

But he attack'd in Masquerade,

Turn'd Eagle, to rape *Ganymede* ;

Leda to rape, intent upon,

He took the Figure of a Swan ;

Europa, like a Bull, deflours,

And *Danaë*, in golden Show'rs ;

He rap'd *Calisto*, fair *Agina*,

Beauteous *Antiope*, and *Alcmena*.

Fair *Proserpine* did not escape

The God, when *Pluto* made his Rape.

Juno

Juno had met with the same Case,
 Had not a Cloud supply'd her Place,
 And fill'd the Ravisher's Embrace :
 Tho' *Ixion* was deceiv'd, in her,
 The Cloud sustain'd the Ravisher.
 The Poets sing, the Silver Moon
 Ravish'd the Boy, *Endymion*.

Nature enjoys its various Shapes,
 Its beauteous Forms, all due to Rapes.
 Confus'd in Darkness was the Light,
 'Till Day was ravish'd from the Night :
 Thence Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Sea,
 Were rang'd into Oeconomy.
 The glorious vegetable Birth,
 (The beauteous Offsprings of the Earth)
 Are rap'd into their Preservation,
 By Labour, Art, Inoculation.
 By Rape, the Fruits we meliorate ;
 The Flow'rs, by Rape, we variegate !

The Theme, my Muse, pursue, relate
*Rogeria's** Ravishment, and Fate ;
 Tell how the Hero gain'd his Prize,
 And, after, how the Captive flies.

Beyond the Memory of Man,
 (Almost) *Rogeria's* Life began :
 But still, she looks with youthful Bloom,
 As if the Blue wa'n't off the Plumb.
 Love does Wonders every Day,
 Makes the Old look young and gay.
 She'd lain consulting on her Pillow,
 For sev'ral Years, to get a Fellow :

B

For,

* Her Poetical Name.

For she had had but Husbands four,
 And then she long'd to have one more.
 The third that was her humble Slave,
 Was of the Family of *Grave*†.
 Whether a Husband, or a Lodger,
Grave she was call'd, before she took to *Roger**.

When he, her last Companion, dy'd,
 Tears (shed for Form) were quickly dry'd, }
 But then for something else she cry'd!
 And, sighing! did her Fate bemoan,
 Because she liv'd and lay alone:

Then *Hymen* earnestly implores
 To grant her some new Paramours:
 And since all Marriages, cry'd she,
 Like Hanging, go by Destiny,
 Suitors, as many as you please,
 Send to adore with bended Knees:
 But, least too much of Time I lose,
 While this, and that, and t'other wooes, }
 (All lik'd) I know not which to choose,
 Some Signs to me prognosticate
 For whom I'm doom'd in Book of Fate;
 That I may marry time enough,
 Before I burn too near the Snuff.

Hymen, Espouser of the Fair,
 The Suppliant heard, and grants her Pray'r.

The God of Marriage has his Oracles,
 These tell Wonders, and do Miracles:
 His Mystick Wand, who, chiefly weilds,
 Lives in a Dome, within *Moor-fields*:

'Twas

† Sir Name of one of her Husbands.

* Another Husband's Name.

'Twas there *Rogeria* had Direction
To go, and have full Satisfaction.

Then, wing'd with Joy, inspir'd by Love,
She quickly reach'd th'enchanted Grove,
Found the Magician in his Cell,
And did to him her Story tell,
Who told her (then) he knew't full well. }

Quoth he, (with serious skrew'd-up Face)
Madam, I understand your Case :
Then made a Circle with his Pen,
A Line drew through, and cros agen ;
To each of these, one parallel,
Before he cou'd her Fortune tell ;
Which is the (modest) Way he's willing
To signify he wants a Shilling.
At first she did not understand,
'Till middle Finger of left Hand,
Within his Palm of Right, he strok'd,
While, stedfast in her Face he look'd.

Immediately she took the Hint,
And tho', sometimes, she'd skin a Flint,
Yet, Niggards are the most profuse,
When Int'rest makes 'em give a Loose.
Rogeria thought a golden Bait
Wou'd bribe this Oracle of Fate,
Make him unfold his Magick Art,
And all his Skill, at once, impart ;
Wherefore, she gently laid a Guinea on
The Table, craving his Opinion.
He quickly saw it, (you'll believe)
He saw it, and laugh'd in his Sleeve.

Then he began to cast a Figure,
And look'd upon the Lady, eager.

Madam,

Madam, says he, I've bent my Fancy
 To studying of *Necromancy* ;
 'Tis in my Power to discover
 The Thing you want so much — your Lover :
 I'll turn my Books o'er all, at Leisure,
 And study how to do you Pleasure.

These Words so work'd upon her Temper,
 She dropt a Curt'sy, with a Simper.

The first Experiment, I'll try
 To calculate *Nativity* ;
 The next Experiments shall be
Physiognomy, and *Palmistry* ;
 Then, tell the Meaning of your *Moles*,
 From Tip of Head, down to your Soles.
 Next, I shall give you some short Schemes,
 How to interpret certain *Dreams*.

Madam, at this, began to twitter,
 For nothing cou'd more patly hit her.

NATIVITY.

Now I proceed (without Tautology,
 Which Gypsies use) in Art-Astrology.
 I've mark'd the Time you put your Question,
 The Day, and Hour, your Birth bears *Teste* on.
 I'll quickly find (you may depend on't)
 The Planet, Lord of the Ascendant.
 Take the Position of the Signs,
 In due Proportion draw my Lines,
 Erect a Scheme, find out a Parallel,
 And so observe from a good Star, or ill,
 How ruling Planet then disposes,
 Shew plain as on your Face your Nose is.
 'Tis done ! I scorn to do what's clancular,
 Look ! there's the House, which is third An-
 gular,

The

The House of Marriage!—Seventh House!—
Venus is in't!— and that allows
 You're sure to have another Spouse. }

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Now, let me minute, as I pass,
 The Lines of Fate upon your Face.
 Madam, that Dimple in your Cheek,
 Does amorous Inclination speak ;
 That little Doubling of your Chin,
 Denotes you're lovely to the Men :
 Five Lines I've in your Forehead spy'd,
 Which shew you'll be five Times a Bride :
 I find, by circling of your Brows,
 You've Love enough to sate your Spouse :
 Those Eyes still sparkling, Cheeks that glow,
 Those Lips still ruddy, plainly show
 Complexion florid, sanguine, strong,
 And Life, that Marriage will prolong.

PALMISTRY.

Next, Madam, your left Hand I crave,
 (Which, first, she wip'd, and then she gave)
 Quoth he, this is a luscious Palm,
 As full of Juice as it can cram.
 Madam, at once I plainly see
 Your Lines of Face, and Hands agree :
 In the Lines of Death and Life,
 I find you'll live to be a Wife.
 By Line in Hollow of your Hand,
 (The Field of *Mars*) I understand ;
 Handsome enough, well set, and brave,
 Shall be the Man that's next your Slave.
 Both Table-Line, and Middle-Line,
 And *Venus*-Girdle do define,
 C Tho'

Tho', Madam, you will have the Luck,
 Still, with another Spouse to suc-
 ceed, (and, thereupon, he smil'd)
 Be easy, you'll have ne'er a Child.

M O L E S.

Next *Moles*; I see one, for Example,
 On upper Side of your left Temple,
 And this denotes, I plainly tell ye,
 You have another on your Belly;
 That by the Corner of your Eye,
 Tells you've another on your Thigh;
 That by your Lips, with Tuft of Hair,
 Shews you've another — you know where:
 All these agree, with one Accord,
 You're bonny and buxom at Bed and Board.

D R E A M S.

When ever you are taken Napping,
Dreams I'll interpret as they happen:
 If 'tis your flying in the Air,
 Hair Ring on Finger, (as it were)
 Heaps of small Silver being told,
 Fing'ring of Pieces of broad Gold,
 Embracing, kissing such and such Ones,
 Of Ravens, Owls, Coffins, Escotcheons,
 Of climbing Hills, descending Ladders,
 Of Lyons, Wolves, of Snakes, and Adders,
 Lawyers, *Canary*-Birds, Attorneys,
 Of Wrestling, Swimming, riding Journeys,
 Of Flow'rs, of Groves, of Thunder, Fire,
 Or being daggled in the Mire,
 Of Breach of Promises, of Theft,
 Of losing all the Teeth you've left;
Dreams, *Morpheus* God of Sleep reveals
 To me, which he from you conceals:

To

To know the Consequence of these,
 Madam, you're welcome, when you please,
 On Payment of refreshing Fees.
 But, Madam, as a Present, take
 This little Paper of Bride-Cake:
 Fast any *Friday* in the Year,
 When *Venus* mounts the starry Sphere,
 Thrust this, at Night, in Pillowber.
 In Morning Slumber, you will seem
 T' enjoy your Lover in a Dream.

Well satisfy'd, the Lady goes,
 And trampled on her Shoes and Hosiery.
 She thought herself as sound as Roach,
 And never wou'd afford a Coach.
 In all Things she was very frugal,
 Except concerning Rites Con-jugal:
 When upon Matrimony bent,
 She did not care how much she spent:
 Thus *Cupid* points his Darts with Gold,
 To hit the Covetous and Old;
 When in their Breast his Arrow's darted,
 They're juvenile and open hearted.





THE
 ARGUMENT
 OF THE
 SECOND CANTO.



*THE Lady's Thoughts, and what be-
 fel her,
 As coming from the Fortune-Teller.
 Arguments are enforc'd, and strong
 Ones,*

*To prove old Women to be young Ones.
 A short Digression (which in Course is)
 On Horse-Racers, and Fockeys Horses.
 How, fall'n in Love, she 'gan to languish ;
 Her Lover, too, is smote with Anguish,
 And try's how many Ways there are
 To bang Sorrow, and cast away Care.*

CANTO



CANTO II.



OW nothing else did run in Head,
 But what the Conjurer had said;
 On ev'ry Thing that he related,
 As she went on, she ruminated:
 Thus, with herself, to think began,
 This, surely, was a *Cunning-Man*!
 Has told me all (I can't but laugh)
 My Fortune, plain as a Pike-Staff;
 That I shall live to be a Wife;
 That Marriage will prolong my Life;
 Five Times a Bride! for all what's past,
 Have love enough to glut the last:
 That I'm of amorous Inclination,
 Lovely to Men, was his Expression.
 A handsom Husband, and well set,
 And one that's brave shall be my Fate;
 In this I'm promis'd to succeed,
 I care not (now-a-days, indeed)
 Whether, or no, a Child I breed.
 He spoke of Moles I've here, and there,—
 'Tis certain he's a Conjurer!
 I long to fast, to sleep, to wake,
 And Vertues know of Bridal-Cake.

Thus, ev'ry Step she took, she ponder'd,
 Wrapt up in Thought, along she wander'd,
 Mistakes the Turnings of the Streets,
 Then runs against some One she meets.
Jove having *Mercury* at Hand,
 Sent him to guide her with his Wand,

To

To noted Place, that's call'd *Black-Fryars*,
 (Where Oars and Skulls are constant Plyers)
Charon the call'd, who, in his Wherry,
 His Mistress did to *Lambeth* ferry;

Then she was in her ready Road,
 For there the Lady had Aboard.

E'er many Days were gone and over,
Rogeria had her With,—a Lover,
 A Military Man of *Mars*;
 She hugg'd her self, and thank'd her Stars;
 The Colonel made a warm Attack;
 But had a Rival at his Back;

One of the Gown apply'd to *Rogee*,
 And so 'twas *cedunt arma Toge*.

When first she saw him, O! Quoth she,
 This is the Man!—The Man for me!
 The Sage describ'd him to a T——

I fasted *Friday*, had my Dream,
 And dreamt of none but perfect Him.

He, you must know, was bred in Schools,
 Had conn'd all Lessons, learnt all Rules;
 Cou'd all the Classics construe, parse,
 Declaim in Prose, and cap in Verse;
 Cou'd tell what's *Latin* (on a sudden)
 For bak'd in Pan, or Bag-boil'd Pudding,
 That Proof of Pudding's when Teeth part 'em,
 If *coctum*, or if *pistum fartum*!
 Cou'd entertain, and roast Opponent,
 With others Thoughts, and some of's own in't;
 Cou'd toast a Health, and bring it pat in,
 Sentences *interlard* with *Latin*;
 Cou'd cook up, out of Hand, Disputes,
 With nice *Greek* Phrase, or *Hebrew* Roots.

Sir,

Sir, he like any *Torricellius*,

(When e'er he had a Mind to do it)

Cou'd write Heroicks like *Hicellius*

Arma, hic currus fuit!

Cou'd imitate the lofty *Pindar*,

When e'er he pleas'd to keep within Door!

Cou'd, soft as *Horace*, tune the Lyrick,

And last, like *Juvenal*, Satyrick;

Was fully vers'd in Scenes Dramatick,

Where Lines rowl on, like Streams Aquatick }

In foaming Surges *Adriatick*;

In softest Laies his Muse cou'd smile,

Or joke in *Hudibrassick* Style;

For ev'ry one, as well as I know,

Proluit labra fonte Caballino *.

In midst of his Poetick Strains,

He, Poet-like, had Guts in's Brains.

Knew, 'fore he read in *Tully's* Offices,

In legendis veteribus profisis.

After this liberal Education,

He thought of Wife, for Conversation;

Then, Scholar-like, intense he stood,

And, being in a merry Mood,

Wou'd conjugate himself, ——— he wou'd! }

Quo' he, t' himself (upon Reflection)

There's no declining *Inter-jection*,

Nor a *Conjunction*; so, I'll place you,

With Feminine Gender, *gignendi casu*.

And, for Meet-Help, intend to have

No young Coquet, but Matron Grave,

Propria

* *Persius.*

Propria quæ maribus can't affront her,
Fæmineo generi tribuntur.

Rumour of publick Voice, and Fame,
 Had spread her Character, and Name,
 To have been frugal, and industrious,
 (Tho' somewhat passionate, and boist'rous)
 Reputed notable, and stirring,
 With thirty thousand Pounds concurring,
 She'd gather'd up, by cunning clinching
 Of Bargains, and by Belly pinching;
 By Sailors Tickets, lending Boats out;
 By taking Pawns, discounting Notes out;
 As wily, and as grasping, she,
 As e'er Director of *South-Sea*;
 As Salt as was the Wife of *Lot*;
 Further, Deponent sayeth not.

Soon as he felt her with his Eyes,
 Nature began to sympathize;
 Th' Influence of the Sex is common,
 Attractive! O! Magnetick-Woman!

Thus, when the Sun begins to rise,
 The Dews advance to kiss the Skies;
 The Loadstone, thus, does Steel controul,
 And, thus, the Needle seeks the Pole;
 Thus, one Hair * has a greater Force
 To draw, than has a Team of Horse.

Then he began t' accost and woo her,
 And push the Matter home unto her.

Marriage, cry'd she, I understand,
 'Tis taking a great Thing in Hand;

There-

* For Example, in Fishing Tackle.

Therefore (before 'tis enter'd into)
 Let's weigh it well, as I've a Mind to;
 And, tho' by you 'tis handled slightly,
 I'd have you deal with me uprightly;
 For that's the Thing that I delight in,
 And spend my Thoughts both Day and Night
 in:

I'm very plain and open wi'ye,
 And tell you, Sir, what I say t'ye,
 That I expect, as you have Youth,
 You'll not conceal the naked Truth;
 The Thing's a Thing to make no Jest on,
 'Tis therefore thus I pop the Question;

Good Sir, if I may be so bold,
 Won't you imagine I'm too old,
 And then not to your Bargain stand?
 Give me your Notion out of Hand.

Madam, said he, this is a Bawble,
 You are, to me, *Fort agreeable*;
 Therefore I think it is my Duty
 To state the Point,—*de senectute*.

Madam, said he, (with an Embrace)
 Give me Leave to handle the Case,
 You'll find my Argument won't fail;
 To no Opponent I'll turn tail;
 Let me but trespass on your Leisure,
 You'll not complain of too hard Measure:
 And by my Argument, at length
 I shall convince you of its Strength.

Since Life of Man can't farther linger
 Than Span, (from Thumb to little Finger)
 And each Hair's Breadth may hap to be
 Or his, or her *Catastrophe*;

D

Those

Those who, of Life, do run the Stage,
 Whether we call it Youth, or Age,
 'Tis all alike, they're Terms Synonimous;
 As you'll perceive, *ut infra ponimus*:

Whether they started fair, or not,
 Or farthest went, 'vails not a Jot:
 Whether 'tis when they first begun,
 In midst of Race, or when 'tis run;
 They're youngest deem'd, 'mongst one another,
 Who farthest, yet, can hold than t'other.
 They're nearest to succumb in Death,
 Who are the soonest out of Breath.
 They're farthest from their Journey's End,
 Who have the most of Life to spend.
 To reach the Goal of Life's uncertain,
 Whether at fourscore Years, or fourteen.

Age shou'd not be by Years computed,
 If 'tis, that's easily confuted;
 This Query soon will have Solution,
 Measure but Age by Constitution.
 What's Life, that has not its Enjoyments,
 Or Senses, wanting their Employments?
 They, surely, daily, hourly, die,
 Who cannot Health and Ease enjoy.
 Hale Constitution who survive,
 But tarry, in the World, not live.
 Why may not One be deem'd, at Twenty,
 Older than One, at past Se-venty,
 When the Old Youth is crazy, sickly,
 And found for Life the more unlikely?

By Length of Time, in Life transacted,
 The well-knit Sinews are compacted,
 Hardy the Trunk, Sap full concocted.

}
 Of

Of Ills, the Pores (contextur'd stronger)
 Not so susceptible as the Younger.
 The Elder have their Judgment strong,
 Confirm'd more solid than the Young.
 Of Age, who therefore's a Despiser?
 As we grow older, we grow wiser.
 As Persons are esteem'd more Sage,
 So they're made Hon'able by Age.
 Reason at full Growth, moves more fledgy,
 Not like the Juvenile and Giddy:
 While Volatile flies off in Vapour,
 (The Mercury not fixt, as proper)
 Their Constitution stands, unbroke,
 And hearty as the well-grown Oak,
 Not subject, as the tender Cion,
 Each blighting Breath of Wind to die on.

More, what's call'd Youth's in what's call'd
 Old,

(One Story's good 'till t'other's told)
 And, what's call'd Age, is oftner Youth,
 (For Truth will be eternal Truth.)

Age is whatever gives Annoyment
 To the Career of Love's Enjoyment:
 Young Girls are very Old, to me,
 When pruded with Formality;
 Shy, unexperienc'd, cold, untoward,
 Awkard, ungainly, fullen, froward!
 The Elder more deserve admiring,
 Who, (coming, yielding, and desiring!)
 As Tinder with a Spark take Firing!
 Not like the Green-sick Girls, half-Mopen,
 But, much more frank, and free, and open;
 With more Entrancements can improve
 Each Pleasure, longer vers'd in Love;

Relish,

Relish, with more experienc'd Joys,
 The fleeting Pleasure Youth destroys;
 Frolick, as Girls, can gayly flutter,
 And don't so smell of Bread and Butter!
 Who know *Rogeria*, she, they know, is
 No more Old Woman than young *Chloe* is.

Much more he said, (as may be guess'd)
Quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

'Tis Love can make a Paradox,
 Or Orthodox, or Heterodox!

Aeneas, by his Tale, won *Dido*;
 By his, our Hero won the Widow:

Besides, she'd heard his spreading Fame,
 Both where he was, and whence he came.

Our Lover sprung from worthy Sire
 At famous *R—mond* in *R—ks*hire.

The Clime's Produce, is hardy, strong,
 Where *Boreas* Breath does Life prolong.

'Tis thence we owe the best of Breeds;

'Tis thence we have the bravest Steeds,
 For Stallion, War-Horse, Coach-Horse, Racer,
 Galloper, Trotter, Ambler, Pacer.

There's none comes near 'em, (*crede mihi*)

To neigh, curvett, to prance, or weehee!

Thence, at *New-Market*, many a Courser
 Out-strips the Wind, and's ne'er the worse, Sir,

Where Noblemen, and simple-Tonies

Do, twice a Year, get rid of Monies:

Whence, after emptying their Bags,

They come away with running-Nags;

And those who afterwards have seen 'em,

Find many a Hunter's broken *Frænum*.

And, tho' some say't, that shou'd not say't,

(For all they win, they're in for th' Plate.)

Thence

Thence *Bobsey*, *Molly*, *Smiling-Tom*,
Hautboy, and *Pickle-Herring* come;
 Thence *Fox* and *Wildfire* grace their *Keeper*,
Spark, *Margaretta*, *Chimney-Sweeper*;
 Thence *Quiet*, *Clumsy*, *Snail*, and *Swallow*;
 Thence *Squirrel*, and the Names that follow,
Dragon, *Blue-Castle*, *Spider*, *Snake*,
White-Stockings, *Stradler*, *Dimple*, *Rake*,
Smiling-Betty, *Saucy-Jack*;
 Thence *Stripling*, *Shamster*, *Club*, and *Wrytail*,
 And more, whose Names need no Recital.

Whence e'er it is the rest do come,
 Here are the best in Christendom,
 Strong built, and Trufs, with brawny Haunches,

Not like the Fenny Breed, with Paunches.

For Coach or Chariot, Cart or Waggon,
 Or any Kind of Load to drag on.

Hence come the Family of *Dobbin*,
 And *Dick*, so famous in Plough-Jobbing.

Hence came (in Days of Yore) the Steeds
 For Chivalry and Martial Deeds;

Courfers, strong, mettlesome, and fleet,

To *Smithfield*, and *Knight-rider's-street*;

To Combatants, and *Heralds* sent,

For Lists at Tilt and Tournament;

For Knights, dress'd all in Iron Geers,

To mount, and shiver well-couch'd Spears.

And hence, ah! hence, came noted *Sorrel*,

Tho' now grown past doing Good, or Ill!

No *Arab*, *Turk*, no *Barb*, or *Ginnet*,

If for the Plate, from these can win it.

Not *Parthian*, *Scythian*, *German Horse*,

Can equalize with these, for Force.

Ev'n *Alexander's* great *Bucephal*
 Is here out-match'd by many a *Keffal*;
 Steeds fit to make the Vallies ring,
Darius's like — God save the King!
 Strong as those seem (the Painters feign)
 For *Neptune's* Chariot, on the Main:
 Such as the Horses of the Sun,
 That drew the Car with *Phaeton*,
 Hence *Pegasus*, who kick'd a Stone,
 And made the Muses *Helicon*!

Thrice happy Clime! that thus produces,
 Of different Kinds, for different Uses;
 For Man and Horse, 'tis no whit various,
 Strong both, as *Centaur-Sagittarius*!

Madam, who curious was to trace
 Our Lover, from his Native-Place,
 Had heard his Fame, (as is aforesaid)
 (Of which there needs to be no more said)
 Lik'd well the Man, she lik'd his Climate,
 (Which gives this Line a Word to rhyme at.)

Thus their Opinions jump'd in Love,
 She him, and he did her approve.

Rogeria cou'd not be at Ease,
 (Tho' Pains of Love are Pains that please)
 She sigh'd all Night, and restless lay,
 And, in his Absence, wept the Day;
 And tho' she longing, wish'd the Joy,
 Yet she'd affect to seem as coy,
 And sometimes look *Je ne scay quoy*:
 Proud to be courted, (as 'tis common)
 In short, she was a very Woman!
 He saw it plain, and (by the by)
 Acted his Part accordingly:

Knowing

Knowing, full well, she lov'd him dearly,
 He kept his Distance, and look'd querey;
 (As, sometimes pleasant, sometimes rough,
 At sometimes smiling, sometimes gruff)
 Put on a Manly Resolution
 To bring the Matter to Conclusion;
 Struggl'd with Love, and check'd his Passion,
 And courted her in her own Fashion;
 He acted like a Man of Sense,
 And woo'd her with Indifference;
 Sav'd Breath in many an Harangue,
 But gave his Heart-Strings many a Pang!
 His Coldness put her in a Fright,
 (Woman's afraid of any thing)
 In the Event, he got her by't.

Am I abandon'd by my Lover?
 Cry'd she; No, I'll my Soul discover!
 She was o'er-run with Vapours, wholly,
 And *Hypocondriack* Melancholy:
 So many Thoughts were in her pent,
 They fought for Words to give 'em Vent;
 She cou'd no longer keep 'em in,
 Nor ease 'em by the Help of *Gin*!

Then, to her Friends for Aid she flew,
 Unbosom'd all to all she knew;
 With Sighs and Tears, her Story told,
 And did her Secrets all unfold:
 To her as easy 'twas to Whimper,
 As 'tis to *ludere Par impar*.

Cry'd she, tho' 'tis not very common
 Man shou'd be courted by the Woman;

E 2

Yet,

* By this Way of proceeding.

Yet, sometimes Passion swells so high,
 It overcomes our Modesty.
 There is a Man on whom I doat,
 I can no longer help to shew't,
 Care not if all the World shou'd know't. }
 H'as been my Sweet-heart (off and on)
 For many Months (now past and gone.)
 I, as for my own private Part,
 Do love the Man with all my Heart.
 'Tis not (whatever some suppose)
 By Length of Head, or Length of Nose,
 (Plain, or with *Roman* Rise commanding)
 Right meas'ring Length of Understanding;
 I value him for his Deserts,
 And Goodness of his nat'ral Parts;
 He cou'd assist me in my Con-
 duct — There she sigh'd, and thus went on:
 His Eyes, his Face, his Air, his Shape,
 Commit upon my Soul, a Rape:
 The Charmer's Voice, when e'er I hear,
 Oh! how he ravishes my Ear!
 I love the Ground he goes upon,
 Oh! if he flights me, I'm undone!
 Here drain'd the Sluices of her Grief,
 By wiping Eyes with Handkerchief.
 'Tis that's the Friend, the Friend indeed,
 That is a Friend in Time of Need:
 Friends are the best of Comforters,
 And therefore she apply'd to hers:
 Her Grief they pity'd, bore their Shares
 With her in Sympathetick Tears;
 Then sooth'd her Sorrows with Advice,
 (So Balsom smoothes a Cicatrice.)

Madam,

Madam, said they, be not cast down.
 By none, said she, but him alone.
 She was perswaded to be chearful,
 And not to be so over fearful.
 She cry'd, and smil'd, ('tis not uncommon,
 She'd both at her Command — *As Woman.*)
 At length, she took a Resolution
 To bring the Matter to Conclusion,
 Conceal no longer her warm Passion
 From him, thus, to her own Vexation ;
 And then, if she receiv'd a Slight,
 Resolv'd to bid the World Good-Night.

He, all this while, receiv'd no Rest,
 But felt an Anguish in his Breast ;
 Sometimes cou-rageous, sometimes cow-ish ;
 That is (as 'twere) I don't know how-ish ;
 Try'd to divert Love's Malady,
 By *Books*, by *Wine*, and *Company*.

B O O K S.

His Author all the while he read,
 She still was running in his Head :
 Upon one single Page he'd pore
 For half an Hour, and sometimes more, }
 And read each Sentence o'er and o'er.
 He wou'd begin again ('tis very odd)
 From Comma, Colon, or at Period ;
 But as he read, he still forgot,
 Cou'd not preserve the Chain of Thought.

W I N E.

Then he resolv'd to take a Bottle,
 And with some Friends to twittle-twattle ; }
 But Madam still ran in his Noddle :
 For, Wine's a Kindler of Desires ;
 'Twas pouring Oyl to quench his Fires ;
 'Twas

'Twas feeding of his Flames with Fuel ;
 He'd better have drank Water-Gruel,
 Or Pap (which Nurses give to wean us)
 For *Bacchus* is a Friend to *Venus*.

C O M P A N Y.

Fine Conversation crown'd the Table,
 But 'twas to him meer Bibble-Babble.
 He that was once the brightest Toaster,
 In Argument, the greatest Roaster ;
 In Matters comical, or serious,
 Cou'd talk the most, and never weary us ;
 Cou'd frame an Argument so pat,
 As to demonstrate This or That ;
 Cou'd not be easy, for his Life,
 For Thoughts of his late dead Wife ;
 Tho' Smiles he forc'd, he still was dull,
 His Thoughts were gathering of Wooll.
 He'd drop a Word or two, or so,
 And sometimes answer, Yes, or No ;
 And when he spoke, 'twas random Guess,
 Wou'd answer No, instead of Yes,
 As playing at cross Purposes :
 Drinks to his Friend, still thinks on her,
 Service t'ye — *Madam* — 'stead of *Sir*.
 He sat on Thorns, the while he staid,
 Elbow on Table, Hand on Head ;
 Then Arms across, on sudden thrown,
 He'd fetch a Sigh, and sometimes groan ;
 One while he'd try a Tune to hum,
 Then, in a Moment, was hum-drum.
 He cou'd not whistle out a Minuet,
 Had he ten thousand Pounds t'have gi'n you it.
 Now he'd be picking of a Cork,
 Then he'd be playing with a Fork ;

The

The Pipes he'd break, (he did not matter 'em)
 Pil'd 'em on Heaps, and then he'd scatter 'em;
 In Pieces tear Tobacco-Papers,
 All Arguments of Love and Vapours!

Friends saw't; and told him (without Flatt'ry)
Lethalis heret arundo lateri;

And all advis'd him, for his Good,
 To put on usual merry Mood;
 He strove in vain, and cou'd not do't. }

The melancholy Cat, just so,
 (For ought that we poor Mortals know)
 For all the while it purs and sings,
 May fret its Guts to *Fiddle-Strings*!




THE

it.

The




T H E
A R G U M E N T
T O T H E
T H I R D C A N T O .

 *HE Lovers promise one another,
And so contract themselves together :
(She him, and he resolv'd to wed her)
The Parson pins 'em to their Tedder ;
Joy's wish'd, they bed, the Stocking's thrown, }
The Damsel leaves 'em all alone ;
Next Morning, all she had was shown.*



C A N T O I I I .

 *S Turtles with each other cooing,
These Lovers pass'd nine Months in
wooing.
Now paint, my Muse, the coming
Scene,
Devoid of Clouds, and all serene :
Keep not our Lover from his Mistress,
Nor her from him, too long, in Distress :
Thus*

Thus long, they've fretting been, and teasing,
Indulge 'em now with something pleasing.

Cupid, Venus, have had their Share,
Now both the Lovers ready are,
O! *Hymen*! now thy Torch prepare.
Kept have they been long in Suspence,
Now aid 'em with your Influence!
Grant her her long-wish'd Happiness,
And lead him to the Bower of Bliss!

'Twas in the gaudy Month of *May*,
(When Nature is in all Things gay)

Rogeria (full intent upon

Marriage, —and Consummation)

Met with her Wooer near a Grove,

(Witness of their mutual Love)

There, Gods invok'd, and plighted Troth,
Were solemnly perform'd by both;

Nothing was wanting, but the Priest,

To joyn their Hands, (they'd do the rest.)

So being agreed on Time and Place,

And to fall to when he'd said Grace,

They at th' appointed Place arriv'd,

Where she, in Consequence was — wiv'd.

Resolv'd to tie the *Gordian* Knot,

They sent, and so a Parson got,

Whom she desir'd to connive at

The Matter, being done in Private;

He, as may easily be guess'd,

(They both consenting) acquiesc'd:

First, ask'd of each, if precontracted,

'Fore he the Ceremony acted;

If, to each other, in Affinity

Related, or in Consanguinity:

[F]

Prior

Prior Engagements both deny'd,
Or any Ways of Kin ally'd.
(For other Marriages are void.)

It has been Custom (off and on)
And will be (when we're dead and gone)
That Man shou'd by the Woman stand,
In two Respects, on her Right Hand;
The first is, at the Time they're Wed,
The other, when they go to Bed:
But, otherwise, long as you live,
To Womankind the Right Hand give,
(Save when they're handed to and fro,
As weakest, to the Wall they go.)
Therefore he took the Right Hand of her,
As Husband now, (no longer Lover.)

Thus standing, each of 'em deny'd
Impediment on either Side:

(For Marriage is of no Validity,
That is attended with Frigidity.)

Then *John* was ask'd, if he, for Life,
Wou'd have her for his wedded Wife,
Love, Comfort, Honour her, (whate'er befell)
And keep her Sick, as well as Well;
Forfake, for her Sake, every One,
And keep, 'till Death, to her alone?

To every Article of this,

He readily consented,—*Yes.*

Roger, in Turn, was call'd upon,
If she, for Husband, wou'd have *John*,
Love, Honour, serve him, and obey,
Keep to him (and not run astray?)
To which she frankly answer'd—*Yea.*

Then,

Then, Hand in Hand they plight their
Vows,

And so become each other's Spouse,
Jointly, for Life, themselves insure,
For better, for worse, for rich, or poor:
Then, with a Ring (which he bestow'd her)
He wedded, worshipp'd, and endow'd her;
And, as the Ceremony's done,
This Couple, now, are both but one.
The Tie's so strong, (it is no Wonder)
By no Man to be put asunder.

There was just such another Noose,
The Gordian Knot, none cou'd unloose,
'Till cut in twain with pair of Sheers,
By *Alexander*, — (as appears)

And there's three Sisters said to be,
And of these Sisters, Number three,
Each one is call'd a *Destiny*,
Or (cause b'ing all of 'em old Maids)
The fatal Sisters (sullen Jades!)
Nought can untie that Knot a Wife,
Till *Destiny* cuts Thread of Life.

Now, *Muse*, divert us, without Scruple,
With Pleasures of the married Couple.

No sooner did the Parson join
The *Hero*, and the *Heroine*,
But straight, Quoth he, (and gave a Kiss)
Joy to the Partner of my Bliss!

Quoth she, being Partner of your Parts,
Is more your Goodness, than my Deserts!
Then both in strict Embraces twine,
As Oak and Ivy, Elm and Vine.

Tho' this, as she wou'd have it be,
Was done with utmost Privacy,

Enjoin'd

Enjoin'd by her to be, some Weeks,
 Kept as conceal'd as Politicks,
 (For Woman's Reason) — for a Whim,
 (Tho' f no Import to her, or him.)
 Yet, who among the Female Elves,
 Can keep their Secrets to themselves ?
 They're burthensom to her that owes 'em,
 Women love Openness, and t' unbosom :
 What's done, she does herself discover,
 Proud of her conjugated Lover.

Now, as the *Gordian Knot* is ty'd,
 Joy to the Bridegroom, and the Bride.
 Joy's wish'd by all the Men and Women,
Hymen ! O ! Hymenae ! Hymen !

When Curt lies, Compliments, and Bows, }
 From Spouse to Guests, and Guests to Spouse, }
 Were pass'd, and ended in Carouse, }
 The Bride, desirous of Fruition, }
 And knowing well her own Condition, }
 By long Experience, (*best Physician*) }
 Quoth she, my tickling Cough, and husky,
 Sends me to Bed, as it grows dusky ;
 What longer Sittings up promote,
 This cures my Ratling in the Throat ;
 (All said and done) this is the Physick,
 I find, that eases best the Phthysick.

All acquiesce, in Complaisance,
 Break off in Middle of a Dance ;
 She hastens to the Bridal-Bed,
 And he pursues the Way she led ;
 Soon as he cou'd himself undress,
 He took his Place with Eagerness.

Then come all the younger Folk in,
 With Ceremony, throw the Stocking ;

Back-

Backward, o'er Head, in Turn they tofs'd it,
 'Till in Sack-Poffet they had loft it.
 Th' Intent of flinging thus the Hofe,
 Is to hit him or her o'th' Nofe;
 Who hits the Mark, thus, o'er left Shoulder,
 Muft married be, e'er twelve Months older.
Deucalion thus, and *Pyrrha*, threw
 Behind 'em Stones, whence Mankind grew!
 Leaving the married Couple now
 Alone together, — fpeed the Plough.
 The Reader's apt to fay — *Quid tum ?*
 To which an Answer's ready — *Mum.*

All Night they lay in chafte Embrace,
 Envy'd by all, who wifh'd their Place!
 'Till Dam'fel came, to give 'em Warning
 How far Time had advanc'd the Morning:
 She blam'd her coming in fofoon;
 Madam, quoth ſhe, 'tis almoſt Noon:
 You'd better riſe, and drink your Coffee,
 Than thus lye tumbling Bedclothes off ye.
 He rous'd from Bed, undrew the Curtain,
 Put Breeches on, and thruſt his Shirt in.
 Madam aroſe too, Blith and Gay!
 They ſolac'd all the live-long Day:
 Thus they in Harmony accord,
 And mutual Joys of Bed and Board;
 Had nought but pleaſing Scenes to dream on;
 Happy! as *Baucis* and *Philemon*!

Then ſhe diſcover'd all her Hoards,
 In Corners hid, and under Boards.
 I'll ſhew you all, quoth ſhe, for that
 I know's a Thing that you'd be at:
 Tho' once I ſhew'd you all before,
 You ſee't's enlarg'd ſome Handfuls more,

'Thout less'ning, and without Romance,
 You see my naked Circumstance;
 Here I surrender to your Use,
 My Whole, — (which he did not refuse)
 To have, to hold, to occupy,
 And at your Pleasure to enjoy:
 He quickly laid his Fingers on't,
 Then both shook Hands, (as they were wont.)
 So he had *Livery* and *Sciffin*,
 'Thout *Twig** or *Turf* (as 'twas but Reason)
 Thus have I seen a strutting Cock,
 When Hen scrapes up the dunghill Muck,
 And does the treasur'd Heaps discover,
 For Entertainment of her Lover,
 Flutt'ring, with Pride, around the Grains,
 Requite his Mistress for her Pains.

* The ancient Way of taking a Free-Hold.



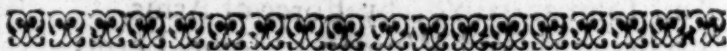
THE



T H E
A R G U M E N T
O F T H E
F O U R T H C A N T O .



*Ogeria, spirited away,
In Lover's Absence, made a Prey,
Eccho's consulted on th' Escape.
He, tho' indicted for a Rape,
Acquitted from a dark Design is,
Which, for the present, closes—Finis.
But by the way, you'll find in Reading,
The Manner of their Lawyers pleading.*



C A N T O . IV.



Ogeria, while she was Feme-sole,
Lent not her Money on Parole,
But Pawn, or Bond, or by Deed
Poll,
And Writings, fill'd up (without
Flaw)
By Council learned in the Law.

For pledging Tickets of the Seamen,
 She'd fill up Powers with most Women.
 By Sailors gen'rous and unwary,
 She rose (like *Venus orta mari!*)
 Her Power on the *Thames* as great is,
 As in the Ocean's that of *Thetis!*
 Many a Tugger at an Oar,
 Had deeply ran with her on Score,
 And then were forc'd to skulk a-Shoar;
 She snack'd so much, for her Proportion,
 By an Us—rious Ext—rtion!

Marriage proclaim'd by beat of Drum,
 Bells, Hautboy, Fife, and Fiddle-fum,
 Reach'd Ears of the *Terraqueous Britons*,
 Amphibious fresh-water *Tritons*,
 Who, one and all, that were her Debtors,
 Call'd in Assisters and Abettors,
 Resolv'd to catch her, at Hap-hazard,
 To cure their grumbling in the Gizzard,
 And keep her Prisoner of War,
 'Till Matters cou'd be brought to *Par*, *
 Confirm'd in Hopes of good Assurance,
 To work upon her in her Durance;
 And soon as gain'd, by Force of Arms,
 To bring th' old Woman to some Terms;
 When by themselves alone they'd got her,
 T' inveagle, threaten, coax, and flatter,
 While Husband cou'd not watch her Water.

Thus was this *horrid Plot* concerted,
 Thus 'twas contriv'd to get 'em parted,
 Not caring which was broken hearted.

Thus

* *Par* is not only a Term us'd in Arithmetick,
 but also the Name of a Gentleman who had her Case
 in Hand: It may be therefore taken here in either
 Sense.

Thus ev'ry one that ow'd a Debt,
 Combin'd, and did the House beset,
 And with their Myrmidons, a Crew,
 Attack'd her in each Avenue :

'Tis said and done, and off the Premisses
 She's stole, (but there is still a *Nemesis* !)

'Twas Absence gave the sad Occasion
 Of their Intrusion and Invasion !

Guardless, and undefended she,

He absent, lost his Property.

'Twas thus these Kidnappers (ah ! cruel !)

Robb'd our Discons'late of his Jewel ;

Hurry'd away, alas ! too soon,

He lost her in the Hony-Moon !

The like Misfortune never did you see,

Nor hear, — save *Orpheus* and *Euridice* !

He sought her o'er the Hills and Vales,

The Woods, and Groves, and flow'ry Dales ;

Consults the Grotto's here and there,

Seeks his *Rogeria* every where ;

Searches each *Labyrinth's* Meanders,

And calls her Name where e'er he wanders.

Oh ! here, cry'd he, I'll seek my *Grave* !

To which the *Eccho* answer'd — *Rave*.

Is there no Method but *Distraction* ?

To this, the *Eccho* answer'd, — *Action*.

Ah ! how, quoth he, must I *pursue* ?

The Voice reply'd of *Eccho*, — *Sue*.

Say how, cry'd he, 'thout *Hesitation* ?

The Voice rebounds again, — *Citation*.

Then to * *Astræa's* Seat he goes,

Whence Justice to the Injur'd flows,
 Where,

* *Doctors Commons*.

Where, with an even Hand, the Scale
Is ballanc'd, and th' Oppress'd prevail;
Where Victory rewards the Right,
And Censure lashes th'other Side;
Near to the reverend Dome and Pile
Rais'd from *Diana's* Temples Spoil.

While he from Friends receives Condo-
lance.

For Loss of Wife, thus *Nolens Volens*,
(*Rogeria*! ravish'd from her Lord,
And forc'd away from Bed and Board!)
She had (alas!) no friendly Visitors,
But *Wapping* Women, turn'd Sollicitors,
Sollicitors of Law or *Veneris*,
In short, *Hofes humani Generis*;
Such Folk as came by the Procuration
Of those that had her thus in Durance,
As cunning vers'd in Art to wheedle,
As most o'th' Sex that use the Needle;
Amongst 'em, (understanding Trap)
Hang him, says one, I'd swear a *Rape*.
'Twas by 'em, one and all, agreed,
To swear a *Rape* (as if indeed.)
Mischief they sought—for so we find,
Amongst (that Set of) Womankind,
Mischief's the Darling of the Mind,
More luscious far than Sugar-Candy,
And Gin to Bawd, or Cherry-Brandy!

Astrea has her known Resorts,
The Goddess has her different Courts,
(As 'twas agreed among the Women all)
Conven'd he was before the * Criminal.

Mongst

* *Old Baily*.

'Mongst Laws establish'd on Record,
 It is enacted, "When a Ward,
 " Or single Person, that's a Female,
 " Is join'd, in Marriage-Bonds, to the Male,
 " If that is prov'd to have been by Force,
 " The Husband's to be hang'd, in Course :

(Marrying for better, as well as worse)

And Matrimony nought can alter,
 Or so divorce, as does a Halter :

A Thoro, & a Mensa, this
 Not only Separation is,
 But does a Vinculo release,
 And saves a Multitude of Fees.

Just so does in Dock, and out Nettles,
 One dissipates what t'other settles ;
 One Noose undoes what's done by t'other,
 One Poyson, thus, drives out another !

The Sages sate, to end the Strife,
 'Twas only Hanging, or a Wife.

Ballance of Fancy to — and fro —

Tott'ring, he knew not what to do ;
 To live outweigh'd! — for Love of Wife,
 He cou'd not brook to die — for's Life !

In various Life, who is't but finds
 Different Men, different Minds ?

Our Lover's Option was to choose
 The Conjugal, fore t'other Noose ;
 And therefore he prepar'd Defence
 Of Argument and Eloquence,
 Undaunted, and by no means blank,
 Nor even *Frigidus quoad hanc !*

What Lawyers call, in one Profession,
 A Libel, or an Allegation,

Others,

Others, *Indictment*, *Plea*, or *Bill*,
 They're much the same (chuse which you will)
 Others the like call *Information*,
 But we style here, a *Declaration*,
 (As being a Word that's most in Fashion) }
 Which take as follows here at large,
 In Manner as 'twas laid to's Charge.

'Twas urg'd against him, —

—— " Not long since,
 " He, having *Malice* call'd *prepenſe*,
 " And following his own *Invention*,
 " With a *felonious Intention*,
 " The *Plaintiff's Copy-hold* did *ſeize*,
 " As alſo on her *Premiſſes*;
 " With *naked Weapon* in his *Hand*,
 " He, at the *Paſſage*, made a *Stand*,
 " *Push'd on*, and made *forcible Entry*,
 " While two *Companions* watch'd, as *Sentry*,
 " And *thruſt* himſelf into *Poſſeſſion*,
 " Without *Demise*, or *Grant*, or *Ceſſion*;
 " The whole thus occupying, he
 " *Fore'd Ingreſs*, but had *egreſs* free:
 " Then *Re-veſt* gain'd, by *Dint* of *Strength*.
 The Caſe was open'd thus at Length.

In this Diſpute, thus, *Comi-Tragick*,
 Council debated, and chopp'd *Logick*.

'Tis fabled, that in Days of *Yore*,
 Clients were rich, and Lawyers poor;
 Lawyers were very ſcarce, — (prodigious!)
 The People then were not litigious;
 Agreement uſeleſs made the Laws,
 Long-Robes complain'd without a *Cauſe*;
 Then Juſtice dwelt among the Men,
 She viſits now but now and then:

With

With *Holland* Coif they'd spy a Brother
Plead first on *one Side*, then on *t'other* ;
Cou'd shew himself zealous and hearty,
Arguing *Ex utraque parte* ;

He, one while, with the Plaintiff — *pro*,
Then *con* — on *t'other Side* wou'd go :

(For Arguments are made to vary,
Now this Way move, then quite contrary)
Thus of two Council there's no Want, if
One * serves Defendant, and the Plaintiff.

But Plaintiff's Fact being first allow'd on,
The other's alters it — *Quo' Plowd'n* ;
So, for Distinction Sake, 'tis said,
A party-colour'd Garb was made,
Contriv'd to be of different Hue,
O'th' right Hand Red, o'th' other Blue ;
In which behav'd the learned Serjeant,
(Say ancient Books, with Notes in Margent)
And spare a Word for Plaintiff — cry'd,
Then to the Court turn'd his Blue Side ;
The same, then, for Defendant said,
And turn'd about the Side that's Red ;
By this the Court cou'd, with a Look,
Distinguish, plain, which Side he took ;
Which sometimes might be difficult,
From a bare Argument's Result.

But here (to keep the Court from sleep)
Council attack'd each Side too deep,

H

All

* *Ex MS. vocat. Spelman's Reports.* In *Edward the Sixth's Time*, Serjeant *Benloes* wrote himself, *Solus serviens ad Legem.* It seems, for some Time, there was none but himself.

All promis'd to be very short,
 And not take up Time o'th' Court;
 Show'd Precedents 'twixt sev'ral Folks,
 (B'sides *Tom of Styles*, and *John of Oaks*)
 This, one maintains for Law — Hold, Brother,
 You know 'tis otherwise, quoth t'other,
 And told the Jury (to their Faces)
 That such and such were adjudg'd Cases.

For Sentence, as a Marriage-Cause,
 By Canon, and by Civil Laws,
 One did strenuously insist on
 A Trial in a Court — *that's Christian!*
 Beside the Case, one takes a Flight,
 One says 'tis wrong, another right,
 At last one proves his Brief a Kyte!
 (Not such a Brief as read in Churches,
 While Men make Bows, and Women Court'fies;
 But Briefs where Sentences are tack'd on,
 Out of *Fleta*, and of *Bracton*.)
 One rais'd Concern i'th' Jury's Looks,
 Threat'ning that he'd burn all his Books!
 Brother, you've put an ugly Face
 (Says one to t'other) on the Case.

Arguments were *Hinc-inde* struck,
 Like Battledore and Shuttle-cock:
Metaphors, Syllogisms, Tropes,
 Flew to and fro — as thick as Hops;
 Till, by the reverend Tribunal,
 Her Arguments are found *jejune* all.
 Sophistical, beside the Matter,
 And what, in short, wou'd not hold Water.

*The Law is good, but is no better,
 Of its own self, than a dead Letter,
 And can by no Self-Impulse act,
 Till animated with a Fact;*

And, 'less there Evidences be,
Ev'n Fact is a Non-Entity.

The Fault's laid wrong upon the Laws,
When either Parties lose the Cause;

For, be it Plaintiff, or Defendant,
If there's no Witness, there's an End on't.

She lost her Cause, and lost her Fees,
Because she had no Witnesses:

For, as it happen'd so to be,
There was no Evidence but she.

The Antients Reason had to guide 'em,
Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem!

The Maxim well in Law is known, a
Wife's *tanquam conjuncta Persona*;

And she was prov'd to be his Wife,
So cou'd not hang him for her Life.

If Wives cou'd thus, at Will, escape,
By singly swearing Husband's Rape;
Shou'd Point of Law thus far be carry'd,
Men wou'd as soon be hang'd as marry'd!

Acquitted by good Men, and true,
And by the learned Sages too,
Thus he came off by Dint of Laws;
Both were saluted with *Huzza's*,
Hers in Contempt, his in Applause!

Thus have I seen hoop'd Petticoat,
What made to hide, but plainer show't.
Clearly we may through what is Malice see,
And all the Subterfuge of Fallacy.
What's false, is known through all its Tarnish,
Its sooty Form's not hid by Varnish;
Pull off the Mask, unveil the Show,
Then it appears *in statu quo*:

While

While naked Truth does never blush,
 Nor values Nakedness a Rush.
 In Spite of Mists and Clouds in's Way,
 The Sun's the Sun still at Noon Day.
 There is no Skreen to Truth and Day-light,
 Ev'n *South-Sea Projects* come to a Light!
 Let's breath a while ——— expecting soon
 A second Part ——— to the *same Tune*.

F I N I S.



